



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Keeping House and Sight Seeing In Paris

By MARY G. CUMMINGS

IF you would feel yourself really a part of Paris, old Paris as well as new, keep house there. And this proved far easier to do than I had expected. A great advantage was that we wanted an apartment in summer, at the very time that an artist longs to paint in Brittany, and as the artists in the Luxembourg quarters pin modest "to let" signs on the bulletin board of the Students' Club, it was a matter of only two or three hours to find just what we wanted; and this particular finding was one of those pleasant coincidences that every one enjoys.

Two years before this summer of 1911, I had taken abroad a party of girls, one of whom had a letter of introduction to an artist's wife in Paris. The letter presented, we were invited for afternoon tea and spent a most delightful two hours, visiting studios and learning a little of the Artists' quarter. As our stay in Paris was short I saw nothing further of our hostess of that afternoon, and although the remembrance of the delightful visit remained, the name of the people faded.

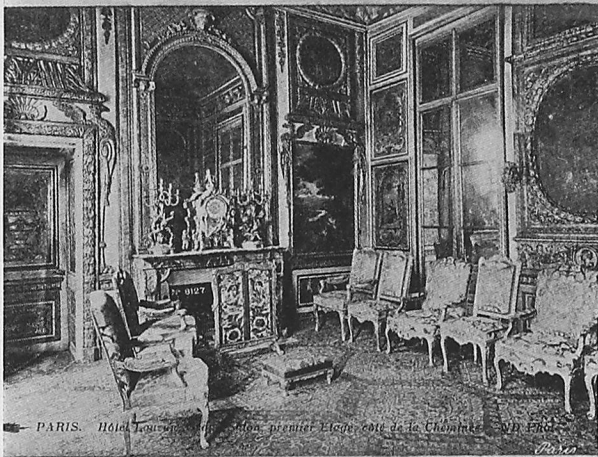
That afternoon late in June, 1911, having copied the address from the bulletin board of the club, I began to make the rounds, only to find that even artists sometimes failed to have attractive homes. Before long my high hope began to grow dim and when I reached the next to last address and found the apartment dark and ugly, I began to feel that I had undertaken something that would require more time to accomplish than I had to give.

When I rang the bell of the last apart-

ment on my list and the door opened, my hostess of two summers before and I were equally surprised, for since the previous meeting, Mr. and Mrs. B. had moved, and she wondered how I had found her new address. It was the first summer in several years that their apartment had not been spoken for earlier in the season and they had just about decided that it was too late for any one to want it that year. It was a matter of only two or three days when they were off to Brittany and my three friends and I were cosily installed in their little apartment of five rooms.

Then began a month of the easiest house-keeping I have ever known. Either the concierge, or a woman she sent, came daily to clean and wash the dishes and then left. We got our breakfast and about ten started out to sight-see or to shop; at noon we got lunch in whatever part of the city we happened to be, and for supper either went home or to Henriette's only a few blocks away.

If we had not been told just what to expect, we should never have found this quaint little restaurant hidden away behind a small creamery. It is one of the haunts that artists have made their own, and on the walls of which they have depicted in a most lively manner the story of the Queen of Hearts, her tarts, and the wicked knave. After we had been to Henriette's several times, our waitress began to show an interest in us. Pointing to an extra charge of forty centimes which we had innocently thought was for service, she scolded volu-

CRÉMÉRIE-RESTAURANT HENRIETTE. — F. GRISARD, S^e, 5, RUE LEOPOLD-ROBERT — PARIS

PARIS. Hôtel Lauzun. — Salon premier étage, côté de la Cour. — M. P. 1907



Paris Historique. — 54. Intérieur de l'Hôtel Carnavalet. Statue de Louis XIV, par Coyssieux

I. HENRIETTE'S RESTAURANT, A FAVORITE HAUNT OF ARTISTS.

II. GRAND SALON OF THE HOTEL LAUZUN

III. CORPEVOX'S STATUE OF LOUIS XIV IN THE COURT OF THE HOTEL CARNAVALET

bly. We realized that our lack of knowledge of French was causing us to miss most of what she said, but finally understood her point: in future we were to bring napkin rings and put an end to the useless extravagance of a clean napkin at each meal.

After a busy day of sight-seeing, how refreshing it was to come back to our own little pink and gray salon, and to our cool dining-room with its tall, carved, black oak furniture, and brown porcelain, Dutch stove, bright with brass. Frost's etching of Brer Rabbit never failed to remind us that even in faraway Paris we had a bit of America with us.

And then came a succession of down-pours that kept us in the house and made us doubly glad that we were a congenial family of four instead of four individuals in four lonely hotel rooms. With several neat little packages of kindling, each stick a foot long and tipped with resin, and with egg-shaped briquettes, we made a fire in the grate in the salon. After careful nursing, including a turn-about sitting up with it the first night, we succeeded in getting a bed of coals that, with not more than the care required by a year-old child, continued to send out cheer, and a mild degree of heat, during the three or four chilly days that the rain brought in its wake.

By this time we had grown used to having our pitcher and cream weighed, to buying part of a yard-long loaf of bread, and to deciding to pay more for "today's" eggs and butter instead of buying those of "last week." Our coffee we bought from the grocer who sold American goods on the Avenue de l'Opera and once or twice a week I went in the early morning to the fascinating open market for fruit and flowers.

When the Fourth of July came, we wanted to do something to celebrate, something really American, and decided to visit Lafayette's grave. After searching the shops for a United States' flag, we succeeded in finding a little ten-cent one. A

long car ride and a short walk brought us to a high wall, a wall so high that only a tall tree could peep over. We pulled a bell in the wall, a door mysteriously opened, and showed us a bit of old-time Paris, the grounds and convent of the Sacred Heart. We walked through an avenue of great trees, past the vegetable garden to the tiny cemetery at the end of the convent grounds.

During the Revolution hundreds had been guillotined just outside, among them the mother and sister of Mme. de Lafayette, but where they had been buried, only those in authority knew. Finally word came to Mme. de Lafayette that on the same day on which her relatives had lost their lives, the father and brother of a poor lace-maker had also been guillotined; that the lace-maker had heroically waited until all was over and had followed the carts to the convent cemetery of Picpus, thus discovering the place where all those guillotined in the Place du Tonne were buried.

The order of the Monks of Picpus had been established here in the fifteenth century, but afterwards, through various changes of fortune, the inclosure had become the possession of the Princess of Hohenzollern. Mme. de Lafayette and others whose friends had been buried here in a common grave petitioned "to consecrate the ground to the common veneration of the many families whose members lay sleeping here." The Princess replied that she did not care to relinquish her rights. Mme. de Lafayette and her friends then bought the adjoining land on which stood a chapel, and leased the ground to the Nuns of the Sacred Heart but reserved the little plot where today lie the descendants of some of the noblest families of France. At her request Mme. de Lafayette was buried here, and next hers is the grave of her husband.

On Lafayette's grave lay a great sheaf of red roses from the American Embassy in Paris, who never fail to send this token of respect on the Fourth. There was a

second sheaf from the Daughters of the Revolution and a beautiful flag from the New York Chapter of the Sons of the Revolution. The attendant gravely stuck our little cotton flag beside the big silk one.

One morning bright and early we started for the Marais. In oldest Paris one must search patiently to identify one's object and feel repaid by a single tower or house but in the Marais almost every block brings a new surprise in history or romance; for during stormy times this section, so available now but so remote then, was let alone.

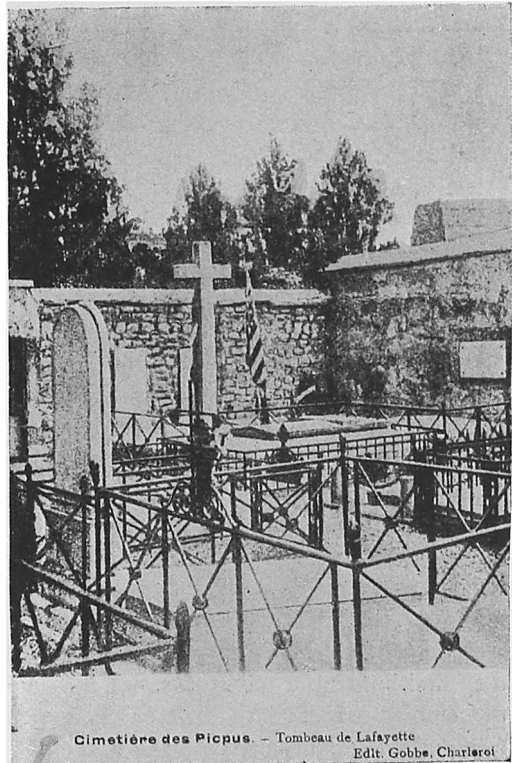
Only a block away from the noisy Rue St. Antoine is the quiet Place des Vosges, formerly the Place Royale. Around this square, once the center of artistocratic Paris, Henry of Navarre and his nobles built their mansions, under whose continuous arcades one may wander today as the courtiers and their ladies did three hundred years ago. At No. 1 Mme. de Sévigné was born; Cardinal Richelieu lived at No. 21; Turgot at No. 7; Rachel, the tragedienne, at 13. At No. 6 lived Victor Hugo, whose house is now the property of France and is used as a museum of his works. Some of the rooms are as the novelist used them, and as one stands at the long windows looking out over the little park, today's affairs drop away and one waits for an old door to open or some balcony to be filled with a gay group.

Crossing the square and going through an arch one comes to the street where, a few blocks away, is the Musée Carnavalet, the old home of Mme. Sévigné. Little change has been made in some of the rooms for we find the bedrooms and salon as she left them. To name the friends and associates of this brilliant woman of all of whom she wrote is to show her breadth of nature and the genius of the time: Louis XIV; Conde and Turenne; Mazarin and Colbert; Descartes and Pascal; Corneille, Racine and Moliere; La Fontaine and La Rochefoucauld and many others.

We go on a little further and turn into the courtyard of the Hotel de Bauvais. Through the door one sees the beautiful stone staircase with its columns and carved balustrades and in the ceiling the intertwined initials of its former owners. From the balcony of this mansion the Queen-mother, Anne of Austria, with Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I of England, as guests of Mme. de Bauvais watched the entrance of Louis XIV with his bride, the gayest and longest procession Paris had seen, for it took more than ten hours to pass. The great rooms of the mansion have been cut into small apartments, for here, as on many of these historic houses, one sees the *for rent* signs. How beautiful the ceilings and walls of these old mansions are may be judged by those of the Hotel de Lanzun, not surpassed by those of Fountainebleau.

As interesting as the old houses and squares of Paris are, they have rivals in the woods and chateaus of the environs. A trip on the Seine to St. Cloud, a visit to the Sevres factory, a day in the woods at Chantilly, as beautiful and less thronged than those at Versailles, all these and more filled our days with interest.

When at last we were forced to say good-



Cimetière des Picpus. — Tombeau de Lafayette
Edit. Gobbe, Charleroi

LAFAYETTE'S GRAVE IN THE CONVENT CEMETERY OF PICPUS

bye to Paris, our thoughts ran ahead to "next time," for we firmly intended to try again what had proved such a pleasant experiment.

In Praise of Love.

When I consider all my happiness
In your dear love, how keenly every joy
Of mine I feel, rich gold without alloy
That makes me glad in all the ways that bless
My life through you, O friend, I must confess
It's love the wide world needs, not wealth to cloy
Or fame or glory for our day's employ.
O, this it is that brings contentedness!

When I reflect how empty are the days
When I receive no word from you or fail
To see your smiling face or touch your hands,
Ah, more and more this quality I praise
Of human hearts! Love is our Holy Grail,
Inspires to noble deeds. Love understands.